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passages whose absence in no way affects the narrative are omitted.

Summaries of the parts omitted are given. Text and summaries combined cover 187 pages. Since there are 30 lines of text to a full page, the book thus contains 5610 verses, minus the space taken up by the summaries. This makes for a conspectus of the Aeneid a total of verses less than that in Aeneid 1-6, as ordinarily read (or supposed to be read) in American Schools. The Notes cover pages 189-209; one feels sure that they will prove too few and too brief for American students. On this point, however, and on the selection of passages itself, Professor H. E. Butler, editor of *Propertius*, and author of the book, *Post-Augustan Poetry* (see *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 7.30-31), writes, in the Preface (x-xii). I quote part of his remarks on the latter point:

It will be found that the selection does not contain a number of well-known lines, and that in one or two places famous passages have been omitted. . . . Not only has a great reduction in bulk been necessary, but it has been essential to consider questions of difficulty as well, in some cases of language, in others of historical allusion. One omission in particular calls for a word of justification, namely, the omission of a large portion of the passage in the sixth book, where the heroes of the Rome that is to be pass before the eyes of Aeneas. It is a passage of great beauty and of great importance in the general scheme of the poem. But it involves a wide knowledge of Roman history, such as many of the readers for whom the book is designed cannot hope to possess. . . . C. K.

ON THE MISERY OF PEDAGOGUES¹

The relations of schoolboy and schoolmaster, student and professor have always been of deep human interest, whether those relations were a matter of inspiration and affection, or of armed neutrality or watchful waiting, or of active belligerency. Every civilized human being recalls with delight, and will on occasion tell with great gusto, how in the strength and keenwittedness of youth he circumvented the helplessness of some pedagogue's old age. The schoolboy's side is the popular side, even as the schoolboy outnumbered the master, fifty to one.

Yet occasionally some cry of justice for the oppressed pedagogue has crept into literature. From the distant but lively days when Socrates conducted that interesting vocational school which Aristophanes has pictured for us, there comes one simple expression of gratitude that should never be forgotten². It is from the lips of an *appreciative* parent as he pays an honorarium for his son's tuition, and might well be printed in red on every term bill of to-day; 'One *must* have some little regard for the teacher'.

¹With very great regret, and with a heavy sense of loss, to the world of classical scholarship in general, and in particular to The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, of which he was a Vice-President for the current year, we record the death, on October 11, of Professor Baker.

The paper which is here presented was read by Professor Baker at the joint meeting of The Classical Association of Pittsburgh and Vicinity and The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, held at the University of Pittsburgh, April 28, 1917. C. K.

²Nubes 1147.

The learned Theophrastus in no way more clearly shows his fitness to be Aristotle's successor as president of the Lyceum than in enumerating in his indictment of the Mean Man two instances of meanness to teachers³. Not only does this contemptible being, he recites, arbitrarily refuse to pay the tuition fees for the month when his boys, forsooth, have had the measles, but, cannily perceiving that the spring holidays are to cut out a large section of April, he keeps his children at home for the entire month. Thus is the pedagogue's scanty pittance still further reduced.

Centuries later another chapter in the hard life of the educator was written by Saint Augustine. He tells in his *Confessions*⁴ of the desperate 'overturnings' which professors of rhetoric had to face at Carthage: bands of students time and again rushed shamelessly into the class-rooms of those whose courses they were not taking and threw everything into disorder.

The license of the students is disgraceful and beyond limit; they burst impudently in, and with the look almost of madmen disturb the order established by the professor for the good of his pupils. With amazing lack of feeling they commit many offenses that would be punished under the laws, except that custom defends them.

And so, hearing that at Rome the student-body was quieter and was kept more closely under control, Augustine transferred his rhetorical teaching to the metropolis, only to find that there that other bugbear of the pedagogue held sway—financial difficulty. Pupils were docile, but 'poor pay', even to the point of criminality.

All of a sudden, in order to avoid paying their tuition, a group of students conspire together and change in a body to some other teacher. They break their faith and count their honor cheap compared with the preciousness of money.

Our sainted ex-teacher proceeds to express his scorn of these lovers of that golden gain which taints the hand that grasps it, and is the rightful property of honest schoolmasters.

But perhaps the most elaborate portrayal of woes pedagogical, as well as the strangest, is the work of a sixteenth century German schoolmaster, Michael Neumann, or, as he called himself, after the fashion of the time, in a Grecized form of his name, Michael Neander. This worthy teacher was for years rector of the monastic school at Ilfeld on the southern edge of the Harz Mountains. Like many a teacher of later times he published a set of text-books for various grades from that of beginner in Greek onward—what we might call a Neander's Greek Series. Among the number is a sort of Greek Reading Book, or, as it is entitled, *Gnomologicon Hellenicolatino*⁵—a huge collection of moral sentences from many sources. Curiously embalmed between the first and second parts of this

³Characters 30.14.

⁴5.8; 12.

⁵Published first, apparently, in 1557 at Basle.

book stands an original Greek poem by Neander with the appealing title, in Latin, 'On the Misery, likewise the Dignity and the Glory, of Pedagogues, to All Careful Teachers of Youth'. Thereafter follow, as from some brazen-bellied Didymus, two hundred and fifty Sapphic stanzas of four lines each—a round thousand lines of mingled lament for the woes, and exaltation of the glories, of his own profession. . . .

Struggle unendurable, mighty sorrow,
Aye, the truth men say—labor 't is, this teaching
Stubborn youth the precepts of sacred writing,
Precepts of grammar.
Task more fearful still and with worries laden,
Greater trouble, too, is appointed, when for
Foolish, tender spirits of childhood, one their
Characters fashions.

So the poem opens. Neander's Sapphic verses, barring what are sometimes charitably known as printer's errors, are of very creditable quality—rather more so in fact than the pseudo-Sapphics above which endeavor to imitate him. For this reason we may perhaps be pardoned for ceasing at this point to lisp in numbers. The plaint continues:

Now be it known that the rage and madness of the Devil, the Slayer of the Soul, Murderer of Man, is greater now than it was of old, forasmuch as the end of the world approacheth.

On that account the ungodly youth of the present time shape their course in greater impiety and lead the veritable life of beasts;

And the ungodliness and impudence of the young are more grievous to all noble and watchful pedagogues than is the wear of teaching,

Though the toil of teaching is not small. Such unseemly wickedness on the part of ungodly children is an undoubted precursor of the Last Day⁶.

For to the height of ungodliness have children come, nor by praises and noble teachings, nor by blows, nor by threats, are they made better.

Nor their reckless spirits and obstinate hearts shalt thou by benefactions move, neither by any force, to become self-controlled.

But by benefactions and praises they are made stubborn and still more wild and evil, like savage beasts in their ways.

Verily thou shalt subdue with ease every one among beasts, in this present utterly evil age, save only the heart of a wild-spirited youth.

More easily shall the fearful lion obey thy nod, or the mighty bear, than a young boy obediently perform his appointed task.

In the case of boy alone, neither of virtue nor of piety shalt thou instill any love into his breast, however much thou mayst have toiled.

⁶Readers of Roger Ascham's *The Scholemaster* will recall how, writing in the same third quarter of the sixteenth century in which Neander wrote, Ascham has a tale to tell of similar things in England, and similarly sees in them a religious significance (Book 1, p. 209, Cambridge edition, 1904): "Bashfulness is banished: moch presumption in youthe; small authoritie in aige: Reverence is neglected: dewties be confounded; and to be shorte, disobedience doth overflowe the bankes of good order, almoste in every place, almoste in everie degree of man. . . . For, all thies misorders, be Goddes iuste plagies, by his sufferance, brought iustlie upon us, for our sinnes which be infinite in number, and horrible in deede. . . ."

Englishman and German are substantially one in their testimony.

Their goodly instructors they hate like grim inquisitors and by myriad artifices contrive to cause them pain.

What great bane and evil do they not devise in their thoughtless minds! For folly is innate in the brains of boys.

Who would not prefer in a mill to labor hard and endure the ruinous toil, or in the country to herd a great drove of swine,

Rather than to suffer always such shameful ungodliness from impious boys,—and that, in addition to so many and so difficult labors,—a load unbearable for an ass!

The ass in Aesop complains of the number of his toils and labors; but we wretched martyrs might do this more truly.

School is in truth a hateful prison, nor do prisoners in chains live a worse life than the directors of Schools.

Educators are, of all men whom Phoebus with his rays doth look upon, most wretched, and for this reason:

Because the age of those they love and treat so nobly and well, upon whom they confer so often their kindly benefactions,

Is an age that in its childishness and thoughtlessness of spirit regards not benefits, nor gives aught of goodly recompense to benefactors.

Much more of the same sort follows: the labors of teachers are as fruitless as those of one who should sow his crops in 'the broad abyss of the loud-resounding sea', or as the labors of the Danaids. Abuse, insolence, slanders, 'bitter arrows of hateful words', threats of a 'terrible fate and a chilly doom' are what come to the teacher, 'these are the garlands with which the malicious enemy adorns the august heads of tutors', while the vagabond multitude, with its hankering for lies, believes all the stories that are told.

Furthermore, not only among wicked students do teachers obtain little honor, but among men of intelligence and reputable name.

Often even preachers of the Sacred Word maltreat wretched schoolmasters, and many are the distresses and anxieties they cause them.

But such ministers are proud-minded and seek only their own honor and glory, not the things of Christ nor the blessing of the sacred Church.

But consecrated servants of the Glorious Trinity, with prudent minds, have consideration for the heavy distresses of pedagogues, aye and for their sorrows;

And proper praise, right well and beautifully, they know how to bestow both on teachers and on Schools of excellence—how, too, with noble hearts to cherish them.

Another strain, not altogether unfamiliar in our present age, is now sounded:

Grievous poverty overcomes the masters of Schools, and bitter need, as they pass their lives in sad obscurity and squalor.

But physicians and lawyers, abounding in glories and great honors, have wealth, wide repute, and prosperity.

And so there are noble and intelligent men, who, when they look upon our pangs and labors innumerable and miserable poverty, say:

Not such a burden of pain does a man endure who is miserably flayed alive, body and limbs, with the biting steel,

As does he that for the space of many years tries to mould deceitful, vicious, insensate youth. . . .

But what God gives must be borne, says our poetical schoolman, and incidentally he takes pains to recite once more in extenso what it is that the teacher has to bear, lest we forget. After all, He mixes some sweetness with the bitter: for example, the thought that one's labor and toil are acceptable to God and 'of use to the flock of God's sheep', that eager, obedient, and grateful pupils are not unknown, and that even some bad ones have been known to be reformed.

Now begins the second part of the subject, the dignity and the glory of pedagogues. First comes a long enumeration of what Schools do for mankind, in turning out philosophers, theologians, doctors, lawyers. In short,

Schools are workshops of everything beautiful and good, and the teachers in them are the proud workmen and artisans.

If one may judge from Neander's language here, he had come into conflict with our friends, the vocationalists, and had been charged with not being practical and with not 'doing things'. But he steals their very phraseology: he too is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed! The assertive phrase, however, 'proud workmen', recalls to him once more the actual situation, for he adds pathetically, reverting to his major theme,

And that, too, although they are unfortunate, and distressed, and bear the burden of wretched lack of money, and receive from mortal men but little respect.

Yet without these same poor teachers, he argues, there would be no art nor science, nor 'wisdom of the human mind', no 'holy knowledge of the inspired Scriptures', in fine, 'no godly company to celebrate Eternal God in words divine'. For in the Schools alone can one learn those foreign tongues in which the Bible is written, that is, as Neander puts it, learn to draw the sword of the spirit from the sheath of language in which it is enclosed, or to free it from the bands of silence in which it is swaddled. Where no languages are studied, 'there the lifegiving power of God's Gospel is quenched and utterly destroyed'.

Further, the same young lads whom it is the teacher's duty to guide into the straight path of piety and excellence have as their 'never-resting guardians the angels, glorious and invisible, nimble attendants on the golden throne of God'. No mean honor this for the humble pedagogue, to be, even indirectly, associated with such a company. So important does Neander consider it that he not only has here in the margin his usual Latin summary of the Greek text, but he drops for once into the vernacular. Even the man of the people shall know that these majestic beings, to whom the teacher, *ex officio*, is brought so near, are none other than "die grossen mechtigen himel fursten". And his next two stanzas form a very paeon of jubilation.

And now can we say that we are unfortunate, that we suffer heavy poverty and disgrace, we directors of Schools?

Have we now no glory? No honor? Of a truth, it is preëminent, supreme, glory beyond compare.

Lesser props there are, too, of the fame of the profession, yet still well worth mention: notably, those pastors of Churches and rulers of States that go forth in unceasing stream from the training of the Schools. Among this group of churchmen and statesmen was one who had been Neander's own teacher, and, as if to illustrate his statement that *some* pupils were not ungrateful, he pays hyperbolic tribute, at the same time most ingeniously turning the gratitude to the glory of his calling:

That godlike, divine-tongued, God-man, Luther, owed all that he was and had to Schools and the care of schoolmasters;

And Luther would not perhaps have brought so much help to the Company of the Godly, drawing from out of hateful darkness the life-giving word of God,

Unless he had been a faithful and obedient learner in the monastery, drawing holy milk from the lips of his preceptors.

The metaphor here appears somewhat confused, but Neander may doubtless be forgiven in consideration of his splendid enthusiasm. No less of the latter, either, is there in what follows. For, though God is the fountain of all good—such is the course of his argument—, yet He gives his blessings through various agencies, to wit, four: pedagogues, Schools, the arts, authors (into three, if not all four, of these categories Neander himself seems tacitly to fall!).

Therefore that divine-tongued, divine-minded Luther celebrates with surpassing praises and God-fearing words those who educate tender youth.

And indeed educators are, by that consecrated, God-fearing and God-chosen, every-holy Luther, almost preferred to the guardians of the souls of the faithful—the pastors of the Church.

Verily, he says, their toils and labors yield greater profit and benefit, and lead to God and save more souls,

Bring more intelligent men as workers into God's sacred vineyard, and leaders of peoples and of States.

The greatest consolation of worthy and painstaking pedagogues when they are bearing much weariness and distress,

And being maltreated through the impieties and outrages, the insolence and ingratitude of iniquitous, deceitful youth, is this:

That their trouble, pains, and toil are not always, and to all among their pupils, fruitless, empty, and vain. . . .

In this fact some have put their trust, and throwing honors to the winds have continued to teach through the whole journey of life,

And others have devoted at least the greatest part of their lives to teaching ignorant youth, with dignity holding the helm of their Schools,

Even as did that noble example of every virtue, Trozendorpios. . . .

This last-mentioned worthy—so the handy Latin summary in the margin informs the reader—was 'the very celebrated rector of the School of Goldberg in Silesia'. He is likewise the first of some score and a half of schoolmasters and professors, embryonic, in full vigor, or defunct, whom our author now proceeds to catalogue with appropriate eulogy in each case. There

are Reichios, Daspodios, Stokelos, Reivios, Georgos Phabrikius (or Fabricius), Daberkouseios, Lindemanus, Emmerikos, Rochēneios, Ouinkleros (or Winckler)—in short a most awe-inspiring collection of mouth-filling Graeco-Germanic names. One there is who after a life of service in the school-room now 'looks upon the light of a day that has no setting'. Still others are 'preëminent lovers of the Pieridae', 'taught by the very daughters of Jove and by Apollo', or 'polyglot masters of words', or men who 'know the countless paths of the stars that soar through the heavens'.

As this encomium continues, one feels at times that there is no reason why it should not go on until the cohorts of education are exhausted and the very last man despatched, but after a merry hundred lines of compliments Neander himself gives three reasons for stopping: there is no sense in mentioning everybody; he has not the leisure; and, even if he wished so to do, it is not convenient. He therefore contents himself with a closing appeal to pedagogues en masse, that, in spite of the above-recounted story of their many woes, they shall loyally stick to their profession, and each, as the proverb has it, cultivate his own Sparta, even to the end of his life, as did Trozendorpios.

Here in all propriety the poem should close. But the mere momentum of a facile pen carries Neander on, and a further topic is readily found in the subject-matter of education, specifically in the neglect of the Scriptures in favor of profane authors. For such neglect, he says, is common despite the fact that saving knowledge can be drawn only from the Bible.

Therefore about the Sacred Writings only was the command of the Son of God uttered: "Search the Scriptures, divine mysteries of holy words".

But we are not commanded to know and learn the godless books of philosophers of ancient nations, written by the hand of Aristotle <so in those happy days in which Neander lived a man might spell it> or of Plato;

For from these one may derive thoughts which are vain and evil and have no part of the Spirit and Grace of God—aye, and ideas truly profane.

Nothing either wise, or fitting to be taught or good, is contained in the books of the authors of old and in the writings of famous bards,

But that the Holy Scriptures express it much better and more correctly, conveying withal greater charm and more profit.

And yet, other books receive more study and time and labor than do the inspired and sacred writings of the Books of Salvation.

Boys in the Schools know well how to answer, when asked who Zeus was: "Son of Cronos", "A libertine",

But who David was or Daniel, and hospitable Abraham, and great Paul, they do not know how to tell when asked.

And now at last port comes in sight. After dwelling, at a length commensurate with the subject, on the glories of the life eternal as the peculiar solace of wretched pedagogues, tortured and torn by their daily martyrdom, after one more touching allusion to Luther, who is this time hailed as 'the fire-breathing, the exceeding strong, flaming-tongued, faithful Luther', Neander closes, with, first, a prayer to God for his

blessing, and then an apostrophe to pedagogues to use well his book—this Collection of Sentences into the midst of which our poem is engrafted—, and to make the precepts of the wise men which it contains acceptable to their hearers—unless indeed they prefer to use the still better text-book, the Scriptures!

Haverford College.

WILLIAM W. BAKER.

REVIEWS

Greek Wayfarers and Other Poems. By Edwina Stanton Babcock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons (1916). Pp. viii + 118. \$1.25.

The author of this little book of verse, believing "that Greece to-day knows conscious renewal of her endless spirit while she keeps wonder and glory for all who approach her", presents to the public a mixture of themes, ancient and modern, narrative, descriptive, and reflective. Her purpose is to "bring to those familiar with Greece" some "refreshing memory and to those who do not know this beautiful country an awakened interest".

While applauding this purpose, the reviewer must confess to a feeling of disappointment after having read the book. Some of the poems, notably *In the Room of the Funeral Stelae*, *Peace 1914*, *The Descent from Delphi*, *Aquamarine*, and *The Old Quest* are not without poetic merit, but in general the author's enthusiasm seems to exceed her inspiration and leaves the reader cold. A love of the picturesque has produced not infrequently phrases the novelty of which is not sufficient to win commendation. One may well doubt the propriety of the epithet "One-breasted" (page 3). If that is really the meaning of *Amazon*, the artist at any rate made no use of the etymology. The *Epi-daurian Amazon* is the victim of no such deformity. "Rose-nippled glooms of laurel and of bay" (5) hardly commends itself for imitation. On page 8, "Sea-circled" is surely a gratuitous adjective as applied. In the phrase "choragic song" that appears in each stanza of the poem entitled *The Glory*, the adjective is not only incorrectly used but fails to serve any useful purpose other than that of filling the line. A fondness for compound epithets doubtless has abundant warrant in the usage of the ancient Greeks, but "green-hot" (18) strikes the reviewer as a phrase too venturesome even for Euripides. "Fire-blue" (24, et passim), though perhaps a true description of Greek waters, seems artificial and ambiguous, and "monographic vase" (27) smacks rather of archaeology than of poetry. What are "silver quarries" and "Acros-flowers" (51)? One has a sense of helplessness when confronted with the words "feeling like crystal, hid In a night-moving mountain" (53). What are we to say of "electric milk" (97)?

In general there seems to be too much striving for the over-subtle, producing in the reader a feeling of bewilderment. Does the poem, *Widowed Andromache*, draw its inspiration from the famous scene in *Iliad VI*